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2.



ONLY ROOM FOR ONE.



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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 10th, 1890.—No. 705.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PRESS of the whole country has allowed itself a vast amount of concern over the indecent behavior of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, in the House of Representatives. To our mind, the concern is misplaced. It is nothing remarkable that Mr. Cannon should insult the House with a filthy remark about a fellow-member. Why should we suppose that if Cannon *could* do such a thing with impunity, Cannon would refrain from availing himself of the first opportunity? Shall we gather the figs of refined self-restraint from the thistle of Mr. Cannon's rustic unmannerliness? Let us not deceive ourselves. There has never been a House of Representatives that has not had a man, or perhaps a number of men, who would have been willing, had the privilege been theirs, to commit just the offence that Mr. Cannon committed.

Any system of popular representation must bring such men to the front now and then: and they may have many most valuable qualities to compensate for their lack of good taste and natural decency. Good manners are something that we have a right to expect of an aristocracy—though we are not, as a matter of practice, too likely to find our expectations gratified. But it is the boast of Democracy that it forms its body politic not only from the well-born and well-bred, but from all good and faithful citizens, irrespective of birth or breeding. Therefore let us not blame Cannon too severely. He acted according to his nature—according to his training. He wanted to say a rude and vulgar thing; he knew he could say it, and he said it. If he is to be blamed, then the mule is to be blamed for braying instead of singing like a thrush.

Do you think that Mr. Cannon would have used that indecent phrase if Mr. Jonathan Trumbull had been Speaker of the House of Representatives, as he was just ninety-nine years ago? Or do you think that if Mr. Cannon had been in the House just seventy years ago, he would have offered any such insult to the gentleman from Kentucky, then presiding? The gentleman from Kentucky was Mr. Henry Clay. Or would he thus have affronted Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, or Mr. Nathaniel P. Banks, or Mr. James G. Blaine, or Mr. Michael C. Kerr, or Mr. John G. Carlisle—or, for the matter of that, any Speaker the House ever had before the days of Speaker Reed—barring only one: the unspeakable Keifer? You may take our word for it that he would not have dreamed of such a thing.

He would have known that punishment would follow swift upon the offence, and that no tie of party politics would have saved him from a withering rebuke. The Speakers whose names we have cited were few of them alike in character or talents. For one of the list, we need hardly say, we have very little respect or regard. And yet we will warrant that he would have been as quick as any of the others to see that such a performance as Mr. Cannon was guilty of was not only an offence to the Speaker and to the House, but a disgrace and a degradation to the offender's party. Mere partisan spirit and ordinary common-sense would have taught him to free his party from the bare imputation of countenancing such a violation of the laws of common decency.

But Mr. Cannon knew his Speaker, and he knew that no such considerations prevailed with Mr. Thomas B. Reed. He knew that all Mr. Reed's parliamentary rules could be resolved into one—the rule of grabbing and holding official power, whether rightly or wrongly, fairly or unfairly, wisely or foolishly; whether the nation gained or lost, whether faith was kept or broken with the people. Don't blame Cannon, good friends. Blame the man who taught him that party rule could get so low in shamelessness that a vile speech could be more safely uttered on the floor of the House of Representatives than in a bar-room. Blame Thomas B. Reed.

We New Yorkers are apt to smile a little too freely at the unrestrained enthusiasm of the wild and woolly West in matters of local interest, and at the sublime faith in their traditions and institutions which sustains the

citizens of the New England states in every emergency. Of course there is a comic side to this earnestness. It is hard not to smile when Chicago annexes acres of prairie-land to the city proper, or when a tempest is raised in Boston's tea-pot anent the re-gilding of the State House dome. And it is not always easy for a New Yorker to understand this strength of local feeling. The New Yorker is perfectly willing to acknowledge that the Chicago Auditorium is larger than the Metropolitan Opera House; that Euclid and Commonwealth Avenues are much prettier streets than poor old Fifth Avenue; that Washington's pavements are far better than the best that Tammany gives us, and that the air of Denver is far more wholesome than the air of Murray Hill.

But these things move him not. New York is New York. There he lives, and there he prefers to live. If you made up a city of all the best points of all the other cities, the New Yorker would still stick to New York. He could not tell you why, perhaps; but then he does n't care whether you know or not. If he could formulate the reason for his devotion to an ill-governed and in some respects uncomfortable town, he would tell you that it is the people he loves, not the streets and houses: that the men and women who live in what we call (in bad English, but we have no better,) a metropolis have a catholicity of tastes, a knowledge of other civilizations, a breadth of mind that are impossible to the denizens of a smaller town. In fact, they live in a city big enough to be a world in itself, and they know the world.

It is undeniable that, to the man whose mind has been cultivated on more than one side, there is something small and contemptible in the absolute one-sidedness of the provincial citizen. Yet it is possible to carry a spirit of metropolitan toleration much too far; and there is no doubt that we New Yorkers have carried it too far. Our city has grown too large to maintain a homogeneous civic body; and civic pride has pitifully decreased. It would do any New Yorker good to give up one vacation in the mountains, at the lakes or by the sea shore, and to devote the time to traveling among the noisy, proud, self-devoted, growing towns at which we are too ready to sneer, there to see for himself what a valuable thing is this same civic pride, and how much it does for the safety, the comfort and the general welfare of the citizen.

MILITARY QUALIFICATIONS.

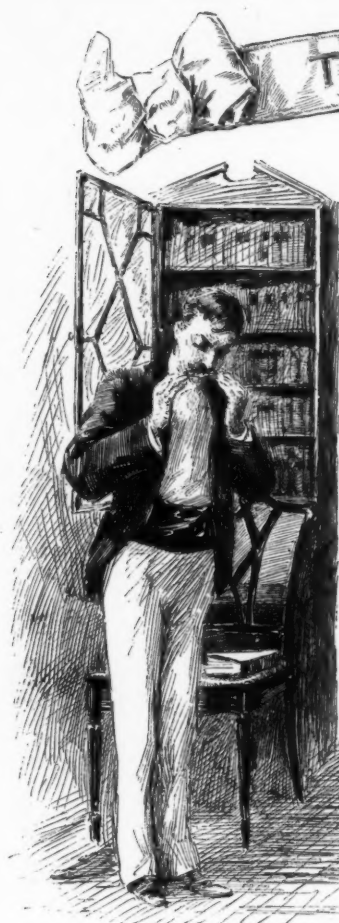
"Why don't you join the Army if you can't get any thing to do?"
"Oh, I'm a peaceable man; I abhor fighting."
"Humph! You can black boots and dig potatoes, can't you?"



IMPROVISED CROSS-TREES.

MR. PELHOUSE.—What's that man doing on the cupola, Michael?

HIS GARDENER.—It's me cousin Pat, o' th' navy, sor. He axed me could ne go up an' hov a quiet, comfortable shmoke afther his dinner.



THE WASTED SONNET

A RIBBON DELICATE and fine,
In color soft and creamy,
A lover found upon the floor —
Dark-eyed was he and dreamy.

He pressed it to his quivering lips,
Soft nothings o'er it sighing,
And soon the treasure was within
His left vest-pocket lying.

"My sweet one's garter this," he said,
"And, now, a thrilling sonnet,
Alive with love, like other bards,
Will I indite upon it."

The sonnet to the maid was sent,
Of course he kept the garter —
"Not for the whole wide world," he sighed,
"Would I this treasure barter."

Next day she sent this answer back,
(Was ever pie-crust shorter?)
"Your lines are fine; but, sir, I use
A patent hose-supporter."

Clara J. Denton.



RICE AND PRICE.

MRS. BILLIMAIRE.—I don't know what to do about throwing rice at the wedding. Rice is such cheap common stuff I dislike to use it.

COUSIN TOM.—Why not have it made into a rich rice pudding, with plenty of cream and eggs in it?

AN EXPERT WEIGH-MASTER.

MR. MAINE WOODS (*crossly*).—I can't see how it is; I have n't gained a pound during my vacation!

MR. STAVAT HOLMES.—Yes, you have, my boy. You went away with a heavy pocket-book, and now you're getting weighed with a light one.

A REASONABLE DOUBT.

"Blaine will certainly resign."

"I doubt it."

"Why? Everybody says so."

"Yes; but he says so himself."

SEPTEMBER.

"Waiter! bring me a dozen on the half shell. Summer's over, and my bête No R is gone!"

HERS?

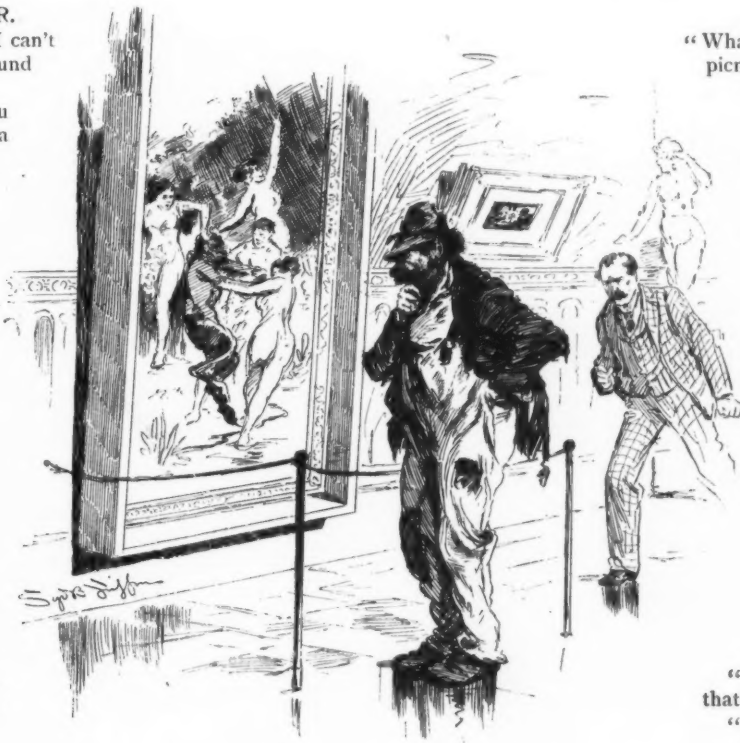
MR. HOFFMAN HOWES.—I see some fellow has an ahticle in the *Forum* entitled: "Have we Two Bwains or One?" What do you think of that question, Miss Fligh?

MISS FLIGH.—Well, really, between you and me I think we have only one.

THE PROTECTIVE PARASOL.

DELIA.—Dear me, you're all wet!

ADÉLE.—Yes; I got caught in the shower. My dress will wash, you know, but my satin sun-shade won't.



JUST BEFORE HE WAS KICKED OUT.

TOE-AND-HEEL JETTISON (*who has happened into one of our copper-distilled art galleries*).—I've shuffled over Westchester, Putnam an' Dutchess Counties fer thirty year, but darned if I ever see that brook before.

SO THEY DO.

"Actors must have a nice time of it. Their season lasts only during the Winter, and they have the Summer to themselves."

"I don't know about that. Some of them have to work mighty hard in the Summer to live on what they saved during the Winter."

NATURALLY.

"What sort of a day did you have at the picnic?"

"None — we were all out of sorts."

BARGAIN COUNTER PRICES.

"A Wyoming postmaster has been charging five cents each for two-cent stamps."

"Well, that's all right. This is a bargain-counter administration, you know."

HIS SINGLE OBJECTION.

"There is only one thing I object to about a watermelon," said Colonel Bluegrass, of Kentucky.

"What is that, Colonel?"

"The water."

A FLOURISHING TRADE.

"How is your son getting along?"

"Flourishing."

"What's his business?"

"He's a trumpeter."

TOO POPULAR.

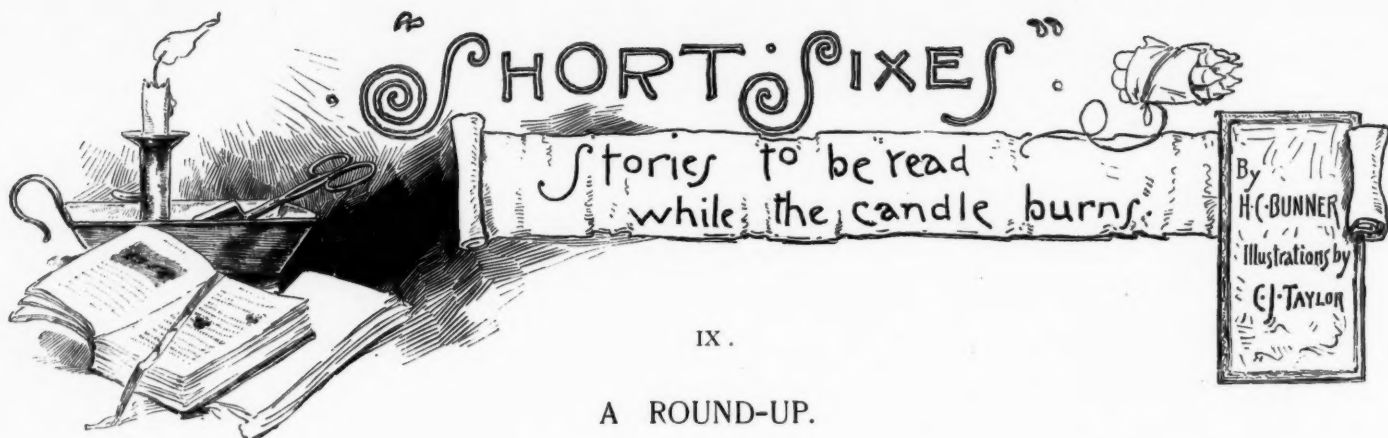
"Don't like 'Annie Rooney?' Why, that's the most popular —"

"Ya-as; that's just what ails it!"

HE ROCKS MCKEE'S CRADLE.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

"Nonsense! Harrison does n't rule the world."



IX.

A ROUND-UP.

I.
WHEN RHODORA BOYD — Rhodora Pennington that was — died in her little house, with no one near her but one old maid who loved her, the best society of the little city of Trega Falls indulged in more or less complacent reminiscence.

Except to Miss Wimple, the old maid, Rhodora had been of no importance at all in Trega for ten long years, and yet she had once given Trega society the liveliest year it had ever known. (I should tell you that Trega people never mentioned the Falls in connection with Trega. Trega was too old to admit any indebtedness to the Falls.)

Rhodora Pennington came to Trega with her invalid mother as the guest of her uncle, the Commandant at the Fort — for Trega was a garrison town. She was a beautiful girl. I do not mean a pretty girl: there were pretty girls in Trega — several of them. She was beautiful as the Queen of Sheba was beautiful — grand, perfect, radiantly tawny of complexion, without a flaw or a failing in her pulchritude — almost too fine a being for family use, except that she had plenty of hot woman's blood in her veins, and was an accomplished, delightful, impartial flirt.

All the men turned to her with such prompt unanimity that all the girls of Trega's best society joined hands in one grand battle for their prospective altars and hearths. From the June day when Rhodora came, to the Ash Wednesday of the next year when her engagement was announced, there was one grand battle, a dozen girls with wealth and social position and knowledge of the ground to help them, all pitted against one garrison girl, with not so much as a mother to back her — Mrs. Pennington being hopelessly and permanently on the sick-list.

Trega girls who had never thought of doing more than wait at their leisure for the local young men to marry them at their leisure now went in for accomplishments of every sort. They rode, they drove, they danced new dances, they read Browning and Herbert Spencer, they sang, they worked hard at archery and lawn-tennis, they rowed and sailed and fished, and some of the more desperate even went shooting in the Fall, and in the Winter played billiards and — penny

ante. Thus did they, in the language of a somewhat cynical male observer, back Accomplishments against Beauty.

The Shakspeare Club and the Lake Picnic, which had hitherto divided the year between them, were submerged in the flood of social entertainments. Balls and parties followed one another. Trega's square stone houses were lit up night after night, and the broad moss-grown gardens about them were made trim and presentable, and Chinese lanterns turned them into a fairy-land for young lovers.

Oh, it was a great year for Trega! The city had been dead, commercially, ever since the New York Central Railroad had opened up the great West; but the unprecedented flow of champagne and Apollinaris actually started a little business boom, based on the inferable wealth of Trega, and two or three of Trega's remaining firms went into bankruptcy because of the boom. And Rhodora Pennington did it all.

Have you ever seen the end of a sham-fight? You have been shouting and applauding, and wasting enough enthusiasm for a foot-ball match. And now it is all finished, and nothing has been done, and you go home somewhat ashamed of yourself, and glad only that the blue-coated participants must feel more ashamed of themselves; and the smell of the villainous saltpetre, that waked the Berserker in your heart an hour ago, is now noisome and disgusting, and makes you cough and sneeze.

Even so did the girls of Trega's best society look each in the face of the other, when Ash Wednesday ended that nine months of riot, and ask of each other, "What has it all been about?"

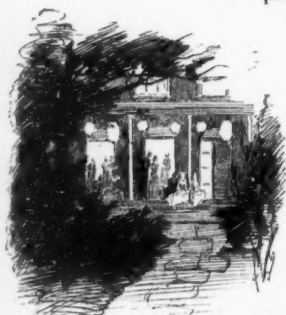
True, there were nine girls engaged to be married, and engagement meant marriage in Trega. Alma Lyle was engaged to Dexter Townsend, Mary Waite to John Lang, Ellen Humphreys to George Lister, Winifred Peters to McCullom McIntosh, Laura Visscher to William Jans, (Oranje boven! — Dutch blood stays Dutch,) Millicent Smith to Milo Smith, her cousin, Olive Cregier to Aleck Sloan, Aloha Jones, (niece of a Sandwich Islands missionary,) to Parker Hall, and Rhodora Pennington to Charley Boyd.

But all of these matches, save the last, would have been made in the ordinary course of things. The predestination of propinquity would have settled that. And even if Ellen Humphreys had married John Lang instead of George Lister, and George Lister had wedded Mary Waite — why, there would have been no great difference to admire or to deplore. The only union of the nine which came as a surprise to the community was the engagement of Rhodora to Charley Boyd. The beauty of the season had picked up the one crooked stick in the town — a dissolute, ne'er-do-well hanger-on of Trega's best society, who would never have seen a dinner-card if he had not been a genius at amateur theatricals, an artist on the banjo, and a half-bred Adonis.

There the agony ended for the other girls, and there it began for Rhodora Boyd. In less than a year, Boyd had deserted her. The Commandant was transferred to the Pacific Coast.

Rhodora moved, with her mother, bed-ridden now, into a little house in the unfashionable outskirts of Trega. There she nursed the mother until the poor bed-ridden old lady died. Rhodora supported them both by teaching music and French at the Trega Seminary, down by the Falls. Morning and evening she went out and back on that weary, jingling horse-car line. She received the annual visits that her friends paid her, inspired by something between courtesy and charity, with her old stately simplicity and imperturbable calm; and no one of them could feel sure that she was conscious of their triumph or of her degradation. And she kept the best part of her stately beauty to the very last. In any other town she would have been taught what divorce-courts were made for; but Trega society was Episcopalian, and that communion is healthily and conservatively monogamous.

And so Rhodora Boyd, that once was Rhodora Pennington, died in her little house, and her pet old maid closed her eyes. And there was an end of Rhodora. Not quite an end, though.



II.

SCENE.—*The Public Library of Trega. MRS. GEORGE LISTER and MRS. JOHN LANG are seated in the Rotunda. MR. LIBRIVER, the Librarian, advances to them with books in his hands.*

MRS. LISTER.—Ah, here comes Mr. Libriver, with my "Intellectual Life." Thank you, Mr. Libriver—you are always so kind!

MRS. LANG.—And Mr. Libriver has brought me my "Status of Woman." Oh, thank you, Mr. Libriver.

MR. LIBRIVER, *a thin young man in a linen duster, retires, blushing.*

MRS. LISTER.—Mr. Libriver does so appreciate women who are free from the bondage of the novel. Did you hear about poor Rhodora's funeral?

MRS. LANG (*with a sweeping grasp at the intellectual side of the conversation*).—Oh, I despise love-stories. In the church? Oh, yes, I heard. (*Sweetly*). Dr. Homly told me. Does n't it seem just a little—ostentatious?

MRS. LISTER.—Ostentatious—but, do you know, my dear, there are to be eight pall-bearers!

MRS. LANG (*turning defeat into victory*).—No, I did not know.

I don't suppose that ridiculous old maid, that Miss Wimple, who seems to be conducting the affair, dared to tell that to Dr. Homly. And who are they?

MRS. LISTER (*with exceeding sweetness*).—Oh, I don't know, dear.

Only I met Mr. Town-

send, and he told me that Dr. Homly had just told him that he was one of the eight.

MRS. LISTER.—Dexter Townsend! Why, it's scandalous. Everybody knows that he proposed to her three times and that she threw him over. It's an insult to—to—

MRS. LANG.—To poor dear Alma Townsend. I quite agree with you. I should like to know how she feels—if she understands what it means.

MRS. LISTER.—Well, if I were in her place—

Enter MRS. DEXTER TOWNSEND.

MRS. LANG. } Why, Alma!

MRS. LISTER. }

MRS. TOWNSEND.—Why, Ellen! Why, Mary! Oh, I'm so glad to meet you both. I want you to lunch with me to-morrow at one o'clock. I do so hate to be left alone. And poor Rhodora Pennington—Mrs. Boyd, I mean—her funeral is at noon, and our three male protectors will have to go to the cemetery, and Mr. Townsend is just going to take a cold bite before he goes, and so I'm left to lunch—

MRS. LANG (*coldly*).—I don't think Mr. Lang will go to the cemetery—

MRS. LISTER.—There is no reason why Mr. Lister—

MRS. TOWNSEND.—But, don't you know?—They're all to be pall-bearers! They can't refuse, of course.

MRS. LANG (*icily*).—Oh, no, certainly not.

MRS. LISTER (*below zero*).—I suppose it is an unavoidable duty.

MRS. LANG.—Alma, is that your old Surah? What did you do to it?

MRS. LISTER.—They do dye things so wonderfully nowadays!

SCENE.—*A Verandah in front of Mr. McCULLOM MCINTOSH's house.*

MRS. McCULLOM MCINTOSH *seated, with fancy work. To her, enter MR. WILLIAM JANS and MR. MILO SMITH.*

MRS. MCINTOSH (*with effusion*).—Oh, Mr. Jans, I'm so delighted to see you! And Mr. Smith, too! I never expect to see you busy men at this time in the afternoon. And how is Laura?—and Millicent? Now don't tell me that you've come to say that you can't go fishing with Mr. McIntosh to-morrow! He'll be so disappointed!

MR. JANS.—Well, the fact is—

MRS. MCINTOSH.—You have n't been invited to be one of poor Rhodora Boyd's pall-bearers, have you? That would be too absurd. They say she's asked a regular party of her old conquests. Mr. Libriver just passed here and told me—Mr. Lister and John Lang and Dexter Townsend—

MR. JANS.—Yes, and me.

MRS. MCINTOSH.—Oh, Mr. Jans! And they do say—at least Mr. Libriver says—that she has n't asked a man who had n't proposed to her.

MR. JANS (*Dutchily*).—I d'no. But I'm asked, and—

MRS. MCINTOSH.—You don't mean to tell me that Mr. Smith is asked, too? Oh, that would be too impossible. You don't mean to tell

me, Mr. Smith, that you furnished one of Rhodora's scalps ten years ago?

MR. SMITH.—You ought to know, Mrs. McIntosh. Or—no—perhaps not. You and Mac were to windward of the centre-board on Townsend's boat when I got the mitten. I suppose you could n't hear us. But we were to leeward, and Miss Pennington said she hoped all proposals did n't echo.



MRS. MCINTOSH.—The wretched c—but she's dead. Well, I'm thankful Mac—Mr. McIntosh never could abide that girl. He always said she was horribly bad form—poor thing, I ought n't to speak so, I suppose. She's been punished enough.

MR. SMITH.—I'm glad you think so, Mrs. McIntosh. I hope you won't feel it

necessary to advise Mac to refuse her last dying request.

MRS. MCINTOSH.—What—

MR. SMITH.—Oh, well, the fact is, Mrs. McIntosh, we only stopped in to say that as McIntosh and all the rest of us are asked to be pall-bearers at Mrs. Boyd's funeral, you might ask Mac if it would n't be just as well to postpone the fishing party for a week or so. If you remember—will you be so kind? Thank you, good afternoon, Mrs. McIntosh.

MR. JANS.—Good afternoon, Mrs. McIntosh.

SCENE.—*The Linen Closet, at the end of a sunny corridor in Mr. ALEXANDER SLOAN's house. MRS. SLOAN inspecting her sheets and pillow-cases. To her, enter BRIDGET, her housemaid, with a basket full of linen, the Trega Evening Eagle on the top, folded.*

MRS. SLOAN.—Why, that surely is n't one of the new napkins!—oh, it's the evening paper. Dear me! how near-sighted I am getting! [*Takes it and opens it.*] You may put those linen sheets on the top shelf, Bridget. We'll hardly need them again this Fall. Oh, Bridget—here's poor Mrs. Boyd's obituary. You used to live at Colonel Pennington's before she was married, did n't you?



BRIDGET.—I did that, Mum.

MRS. SLOAN (*reading*).—"Mrs. Boyd's pall-bearers are fitly chosen from the most distinguished and prominent citizens of Trega." I'm sure I don't see why they should be. (*Reads.*) "Those invited to render the last honors to the deceased are Mr. George Lister—"

BRIDGET.—'Tis he was foriver at the house.

MRS. SLOAN (*reads*).—"Mr. John Lang—"

BRIDGET.—And him.

MRS. SLOAN (*reads*).—"Mr. Dexter Townsend—"

BRIDGET.—And him, too.

MRS. SLOAN (*reads*).—"Mr. McIntosh, Mr. William Jans, Mr. Milo Smith—"

BRIDGET.—And *thim*. Mr. Smith was her siventh.

MRS. SLOAN.—Her *what*?

BRIDGET.—Her siventh. There was eight of *thim* proposed to her in the wan week.

MRS. SLOAN.—Why, Bridget! How can you possibly know *that*?

BRIDGET.—Sure, what does it mean whin a gentleman calls twice in th' wake an' thin stops like he was shot. An' who is the eight' gentleman to walk wid the corpse, Mum?

MRS. SLOAN.—That is all, Bridget. And those pillow-cases look shockingly! I never saw such ironing! (*Exit, hastily and sternly.*)

BRIDGET (*sola*).—Only siven of *thim*. Saints bless us! The pore lady'll go wan-sided to her grave!

SCENE.—*The Private Office of Mr. PARKER HALL. MR. HALL writing. To him, enter MR. ALECK SLOAN.*

MR. SLOAN.—Ah, there, Parker!

MR. HALL.—Ah, there, Aleck! What brings you around so late in the day?

MR. SLOAN.—I just thought you might like to hear the names of the fellows Rhodora Pennington chose for her pall-bearers. (*Produces list.*)

MR. HALL (*sighs*).—Poor Rhodora! Too bad! Fire ahead.

MR. SLOAN (*reads*).—"George Lister."

MR. HALL.—Ah!

MR. SLOAN (*reads*).—"John Lang."

MR. HALL.—Oh!



MR. SLOAN (*reads*).—"Dexter Townsend."
 MR. HALL.—Well!
 MR. SLOAN (*reads*).—"McCullom McIntosh."
 MR. HALL.—Say!
 MR. SLOAN (*reads*).—"William Jans."
 MR. HALL.—The Deuce!
 MR. SLOAN (*reads*).—"Milo Smith."
 MR. HALL.—Great Caesar's ghost! This is getting personal!
 MR. SLOAN.—Yes. (*Reads, nervously.*) "Alexander Sloan."
 MR. HALL.—Whoo-o-o-o-up! You too?
 MR. SLOAN (*reads*).—"Parker Hall."

(*A long silence.*)

MR. HALL (*faintly*).—Oh, lord, she rounded us up, did n't she? Say, Parker, can't this thing be suppressed, somehow?

MR. SLOAN.—It's in the evening paper.

(*Another long silence.*)

MR. HALL (*desperately*).—Come out and have a bottle with me?

MR. SLOAN.—I can't. I'm going down to Bitts's stable to buy that pony that Mrs. Sloan took such a shine to a month or so ago.

MR. HALL.—If I could get out of this for a pony—Oh, lord!

H. C. Bunner.



SO HE WILL.

MR. WANAMAKER.—The President is very fond of an outing.

MR. BLAINE.—Yes; he'll have abundant opportunity to gratify his taste after March 4th, 1893.

AFTER THE CAMPAIGN.

ALL SWEETNESS and simplicity,
 They met her by the Summer sea.
 But now that she has seen and caught 'em,
 Behold the knowing Girl of Autumn!

THE SAME END ACCOMPLISHED.

"I see that France pays out four hundred thousand dollars per year to subsidize newspapers to support the government."

"In this country the President merely appoints the editors to office."

A SYMPATHETIC CHORD.

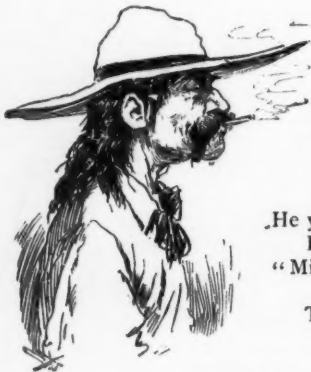
Chopin might revel in the touch
 And cadence of her tuneful fingers;
 Beethoven, too, is honored much,
 As on his strains she lightly lingers;
 But when o'er Schubert's "Serenade"
 She sees me grow a trifle spoony,
 The laughing and perverse young jade
 Changes the air to "Annie Rooney."

Harry Romaine.

NOT FOR MONEY.

JANE.—Jack Dobbins is simply wedded to his Art.

MARY.—Then it is quite evident that he has married for love.



THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

MISS BOSTON (*on Western ranch*).—Dear me! I don't see how each man can pick out his own cattle among these thousands!

LARIAT LUKE.—H'm! The real trouble, Madam, comes when a feller picks out cattle that ain't his!

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

He yells, "Strike, if you would not be slaves!"

He raves and he writes and he ramps;

"Mind the great G. M. W., or something will trouble you—"

They strike—They're not slaves now, but tramps!

CHOICE OF EVILS.

"I hear you're going to move into the country. Why did you wait till Fall?"

"Oh, to dodge the dust and mosquitos."

"Ah! I see you prefer the mud and snow."

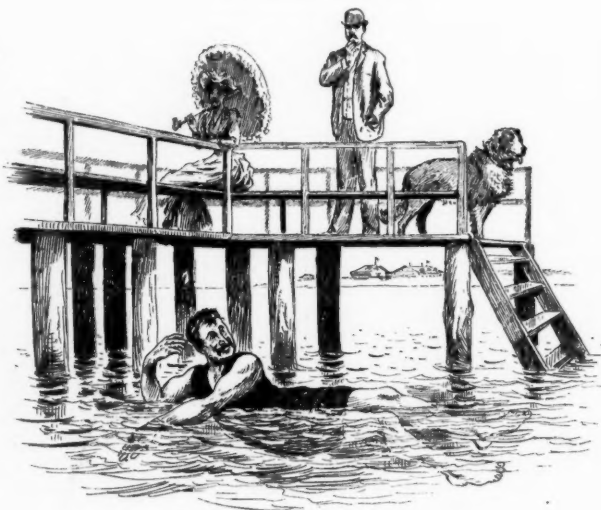


ON THE JERSEY BOAT.

"Hulloa! What you got in that paste-board box that makes it so heavy?"

"Why, they're shoes; can't you tell? Two pair of rubber solid tennis-shoes—take care there! or you'll have the cork out the first thing you know."

CALLED BACK.



MR. W. CORKINGTON FLOATS.—Miss Brownstone seems to be admiring my swimming feats immensely—she's only waiting for me to propose, and I'll do it to-night!

AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

JACK POTTS.—There is one certain method of killing the Louisiana Lottery, which has not been tried yet.

MATT CHEW.—What is that?

JACK POTTS.—Quit buying tickets.

A WELL-POSTED BOY.

TEACHER.—How many work-days are there in the week?

BOBBY.—Well, I dunno; that depends on Sundays, holidays, half-holidays, and days when you're wrastlin' for "arbitration."

REED'S RULES to "expedite legislation" have worked so well that the betting is now even as to whether or not this session of Congress will end in time for the next one to begin.

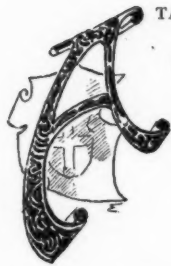
THE MELANCHOLY DAYS have come

We hear so much about;
 The outing-shirt goes under,
 And as undershirt comes out.



Just then his rival on the pier remarked in a low tone to that infernal life-saving Newfoundland dog of his: "Man drowning, Nep!"

ALL MIXED UP.



TARIFF is not a tax — no, no!
Let theorists rave and scoff.
(In order to cheapen sugar, you see,
We've taken the duty off!)

"Cheap goods, ah, me! Then the men are cheap,"
Sighs McKinley, and that he loathes;
And then he shows how the tariff rates
Have lowered the price of clothes.

Dear me! it is and it is n't thus
In a never-ending string,
And what McKinley proves to be true,
Blaine proves to be no such thing.

I believe what McKinley says until
Senator Morrill speaks;
I'm not of the same opinion now
For two consecutive weeks.

I wish they'd edit and compare,
For day by day I tire
To see how each convincingly proves
The other to be a liar.

J. D. Miller.

HARD UP ALL AROUND.

BRITISH ASSISTED IMMIGRANT.— Beg pardon, sir, but could n't you
elp a poor feller as has just come hover from Lunnon, sir?

HOWELL GIBBON (*who has spent a year's income there in two months*).
— Devilish expensive place, London; I don't wonder you left it. I went
broke there myself this season.

CAREFUL OF HIS TROUSERS.

MISS CASHLEY.— You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor,
Mr. Van Dudekin.

VAN DUDEKIN (*preparing to get on his knees*).— I did it with a pur-
pose, dear Miss Cashley — er — Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?

OF THE SKOWHEGAN FAITHFUL.

RUSTICATOR.— When I was discussing Science and Revelation with
the Rev. Mr. Small, to-day, he got excited and informed me he was de-
scended from a race of New England clergymen who had always stood out
against the arrogant claims of Science. Were any of his people noted
divines?

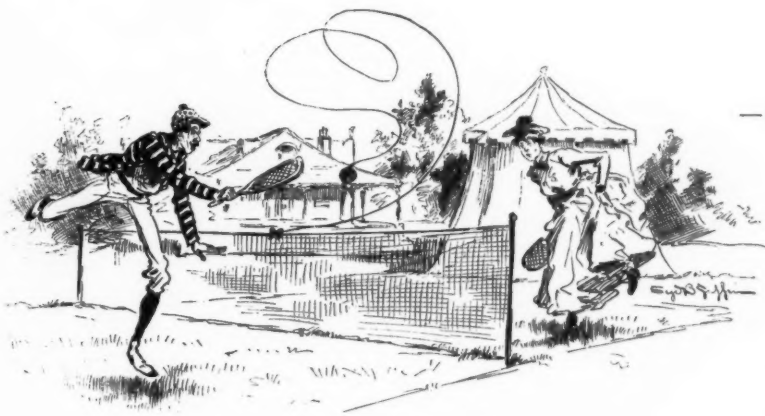
OLD RESIDENT.— His grandfather was. He blew out the gas.

SEPTEMBER.

THE DAYS have shorter grown, the nights are chill,
The Summer girl has donned a thicker gown,
The katydid is chirping sharply shrill,
The green-grassed hills are blurred and blent with brown.

The poet pipes a pessimistic lay,
His muse is moved to melancholy moans;
The honest farmer also feels that way:
He calls it "ager workin' in his bones."

Robley D. Stevenson.



A TENNIS SUGGESTION.

FOR THE FLAG.

A "STAR" ROUTE.— Just let the Territory assure the Bosses
that it has a Republican Majority.

MORE MONEY IN IT.

TEACHER.— Would you like to be a great man?
JOHNNY.— Naw! I'd rather be President.

THE VARIETY.

WHIPPER.— Is de Spatts an Anglomaniac?

SNAPPER.— No. He is just a common, every
day, American lunatic.

A POWERFUL CONSIDERATION.

"Why on earth did they pension Mrs. Parnell?
What has she ever done?"

"A great deal — she serves to illustrate Ameri-
can politics."

PREFERRED IT MOIST.

PHILANTHROPIST.— My friend, are you aware that the glass before
you is filled with liquid damnation?

INTENDING INEBRIATE (*cheerfully*).— Yes; that's why I'm not
afraid of it. The great trouble with the other sort is that there's no
liquid about it.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

MR. B. WARE (*just arrived from the city*).— If I were you, daughter,
I would n't go into the surf to-day. The waves are very rough.

MISS UNA WARE (*arrayed in her bathing costume*).— Who said I
was going in?



EVERYTHING PROVIDED FOR.

GUEST.— I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire;
but what is the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a
prominent position?

BELL BOY.— Dat am intended foh use, sah, in case the fire
am too far advanced foh you to make yoh escape, sah.

A SPOILED LOT.

OCHILTREE.— I've got a story that's too good to keep.

COMSTOCK.— Something different from the generality of your stories
— most of them are too bad to keep.

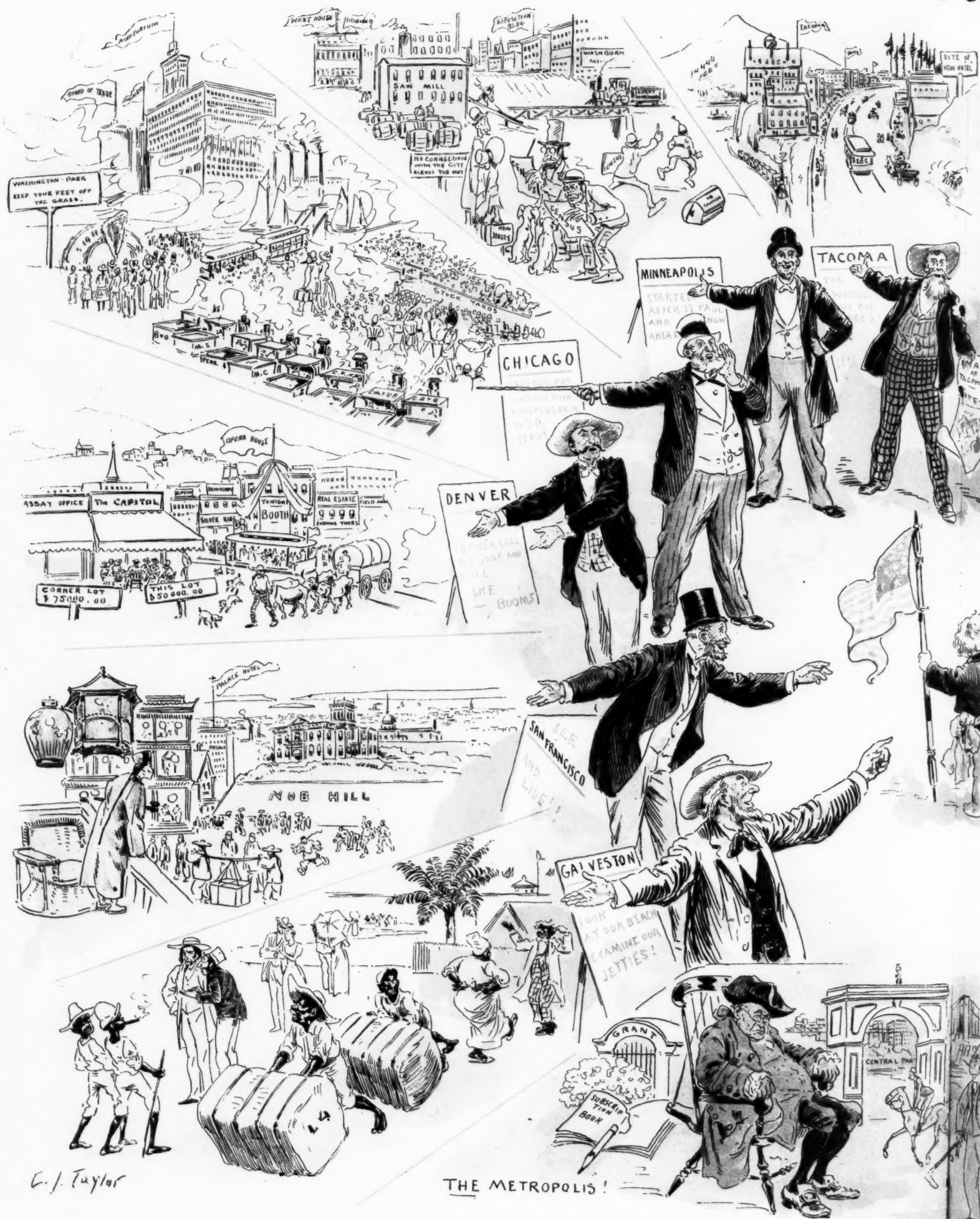
THE WAY OF IT.

The fast train bears her out of sight
Three weary months from me away.
She told me she would often write,
And I said I'd write every day.

(A Week Later.)

She writes me thus, while on her tour:
"I hear the streamlet's laughing purl."
Some other beau she's got, I'm sure;
But then — I've got another girl.

J. H. C.



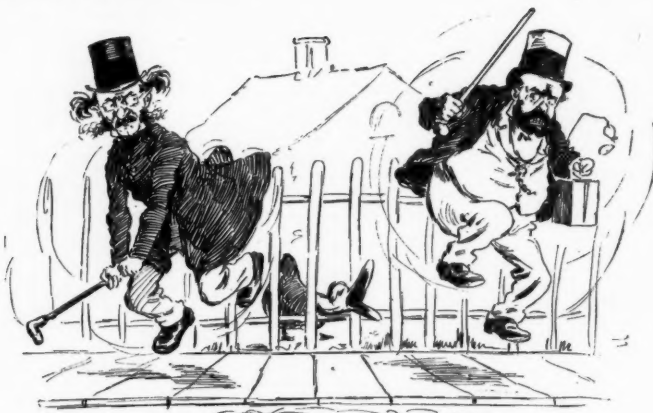


D OF LOCAL PRIDE.
 in your own towns! Don't go to sleep, like New York!

PROFESSIONAL ETHICS.



THE RIVAL M. D.'s.



THE INDISCREET DUCK.

REASON *versus* PREJUDICE.

REASON is the deliberate process by which we obtain partial knowledge of existing facts.

Prejudice is full and positive knowledge of facts which may or may not exist, acquired instantaneously, without fooling away any time with Reason.

I am not certain that these definitions are given in Webster's exact words, for I am staying at a country hotel, and have no work of reference at hand excepting a "Directory of Leading Merchants," whose cards are artistically worked up in shrimp-pink and baby-blue letters, and displayed under a cracked glass in a frame hung seven feet high in the hotel office. But if I have n't made my definitions sufficiently terse and accurate, it is n't because I have n't tried.

It frequently happens that a person, whose views of things in general are sufficiently broad, becomes the slave of Prejudice in some one particular. This is the case with a certain lady whom we will call Mrs. X., although that is n't her right name.

Mrs. X. has a settled conviction that no good can possibly come from a person whose eyes are too near together. So strong and virulent has this unreasoning prejudice become that it is being gradually extended to apply to animals and all objects upon whom two or more eyes have been bestowed. I was not aware, myself, how deep-seated this prejudice really was, until one day last week, when I overheard her say to the grocer's boy that he would have to take those potatoes back to the store, and bring her some with eyes further apart.

Once, while on shipboard, this lady struck up quite a pleasant friendship with a quaint old sailor named Samuel, and she used to go on deck and listen to his amusing remarks whenever she wanted to.

One day, while conversing with Samuel, the captain, a bluff, stern man, came that way with glass in hand, and shouted: "Run up to the bow, there, you, and see how many bow knots she's made since eight bells! I'll wait here!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" exclaimed Samuel, trotting away as fast as his bow-legs could carry him, while the captain drained his glass.

From that time forward Mrs. X. took no further interest in Samuel. His eyes were too near together to suit her.

You may smile at Mrs. X.; but she is undoubtedly happier with her little prejudice than she would be without it. And it is so in other cases.

If the reader does n't mind, I will take up a political matter here, promising to put it down again as soon as I have shown how Prejudice applied to a given subject may produce more happiness than Reason applied to the same subject.

Methinks I see a pedestal supporting two figures. One of the figures is that of a portly gentleman, dressed in good clothes, leaning on a gold-headed cane, and smiling benignly on his companion. The latter is a man in shirt-sleeves, wearing cow-hide boots and loose, knee-sprung trousers,



"WHO'S A QUACK?"

and holding a straw hat in one hand, while he wipes the sweat off his brow with the back of the other.

The figures are The American Manufacturer and The American Farmer; and the pedestal is inscribed: "Protection to American Industries."

You just have to look at these two men once to see that they did n't reach their common position by the same road. Prejudice brought the farmer there. Reason brought the manufacturer.

And the farmer, of course, gets the most satisfaction and happiness out of it. Did n't the sainted martyrs smile contentedly while they were being scorched?

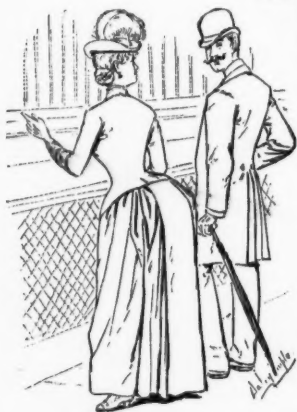
And the manufacturer, with all his reason, gets nothing out of it but evil. Is n't the love of money the root of all evil?

M. W.

A WOMAN NEVER DESTROYS A PATTERN.

MR. DE RUYTER.—Here's a newspaper I am very anxious to have carefully preserved.

MRS. DE RUYTER.—Very well, I'll cut a pattern out of it.



AT THE ZOO.

MRS. BRACE (in front of the Kangaroo cage).—Is that a male or a female specimen?

BRACE.—Male; it's a Kangaroo-rooster.



LAUDABLE ECONOMY.

JACOB.—How was it I did n't see you at the Oppenheimer wedding, Ike?

ISAAC.—It cost me too much, Jakey, to send a present. So I just ask how such a nice young man could marry into such a family, and so I gets no invitation.



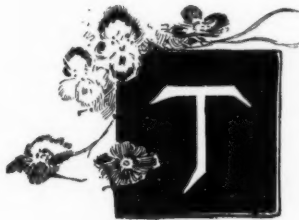
A NEIGHBORLY GROWL.

MR. GORDON SETTAIRE (*angrily*).—That dog of yours is barking all night!

MR. ONDERSCHOD.—So is yours!

MR. GORDON SETTAIRE.—Well, I've got used to mine.

NIGHT AND SOME OF ITS VOICES.



THE weary flower 's folded up
Its sweets within its velvet cup;
The moon on high
Athwart the sky
Is floating like a custard pie.

The mute hour reeks with floral balm
That trickles through the tropic calm;
From realms remote
The dew drops float
A-down the tiger lily's throat.

Against the jewel tray of night
I mark the bat's eccentric flight;
The gray owl toots,
Or, rather, hoots,
While cross night's safety vault he scoots.

Now all is still on stream and hill,
Until the noisy whippoorwill,
Without ado,
Breaks out into
His weird ritooral-ooral-oo.

I hear the dog's impassioned bark
Go ripping through the Summer dark,
And know in vain
Against the chain
He madly leaps with might and main.

The everlasting katydid
Rasps on by murmurous leaflets hid;
And sharply now
Upon the bough
I hear the old familiar "meouw!"

A smiling white-winged sylph of peace
Descending like a filmy fleece,
With fingers fair,
Knits in repair
The raveled 'squito net of care.

While katydid and whippoorwill
And owl and dog and cat are still,
'T will be complete
If baby Pete
Responds not to the wild "moskeet."

R. K. M.

CHEAP COUNTRY BOARD.

WICKWIRE.—How yellow you are, Yabsley! There must have been some malaria where you spent your vacation.

YABSLEY.—No; just plain chills and fever. You don't expect a man to get malaria for seven dollars a week, do you?

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.

"Did you know Wanamaker is going to prohibit love-letters from going through the mails?"

"No. What for?"

"He has heard that love is a lottery."

A SUBURBAN DWELLER.

PORCHESTER PELHAM.—What is your friend Morrison Essex's pursuit in life?

FRANKLIN DE BELLEVILLE.—The 8:13 A. M. train.

AS IT MAY BE.

WAITER.—By the way, you have n't shown me your Union Card.

DINER.—Union Card? I don't belong to any Union!

WAITER (*removing the meal*).—Sorry; we only serve Union men here!

A BAD BREAK.

VAN BIBBER.—Who is captain of the Chicago Players' Club, Hood?

BROTHER HOOD.—That's a fine question for you to ask, considering that you're the editor of a sporting paper.

VAN BIBBER.—Excuse me, my friend, my paper is not a sporting sheet; it's a Prohibition organ. The drinks are on you, I think.



NO, BELINDA, we do not consider bathing-suits immodest, for bathing-suits shrink every time they are worn.

THE *Sun* wants to know the authorship of a poem, "I sat alone with my conscience." We can't say; but if C. A. D. makes a practice of it, and his conscience retains a good memory, he has a lot of company to sit up with him.

WHEN A MAN speaks of "soulless monopolists," it is pretty safe to think that he has been seeking a favor, and got snubbed.



WHEN THE HONEYMOON WANED.

MR. PADDOCK FIELD.—Remember that you took me for better or for worse.

MRS. FIELD.—O Paddy! I know that I took you for a good deal better than you are!

ESTABLISHED 1922.

Ed. Browns
Ginger-

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BEST IN THE WORLD

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Will (if your druggist does not keep them) mail Beecham's Pills on re-
ceipt of price—but inquire first. (Please mention PUCK.)

GRIZZLY.—Christian science must be almost
universal in Oregon.

JOHNSON.—How so?

GRIZZLY.—Why, they all refuse to believe the
evidence of their census.—*West Shore.*

MORE SHINY PROSPECTS.
The bootblack now appears less blue,
Nor mourns a luckless fate;
He's happy, for the russet shoe
Is getting out of date.—*Boston Courier.*

DISPLACING THE OLD MASTERS.
INSTRUCTOR (looking over his pupil's work,
copying an Old Master in the Museum of Art).
—Now, that's uncommonly clever. I wonder
what they'll do with the old one when this is
finished.—*Chatter.*

Good
morning

“Paris
Exposition,
1889.”

Pears obtained the only gold medal
awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competi-
tion with all the world. *Highest possible*
distinction.”

“My dear,” said his wife, “the storm is going
to be violent, and I fear this old building in which
we have taken shelter is not safe.”
“Quiet your fears,” said her husband, reassur-
ingly; “it will soon blow over.”
And it did.—*Norristown Herald.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY **UPS AND DOWNS.** 10 Cents.
No. 34. All News-Dealers.

WATCHMAKER.—The first time I cleaned your
watch it was in a gold case; the next time in a
gold filled case, and now it's in a silver case.
H. A. R. D. UPPE.—Yes, sir; “circumstances
alter cases,” you know.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY **“Profesh.”** 10 Cents.
No. 35. All Newsdealers.

AN UNPLEASANT CONTINGENCY.
FIRST SUMMER GIRL.—Let's go crabbing.
SECOND SUMMER GIRL.—No, no. Let's not,
dear. We might catch one.—*New York Weekly.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY **DARKTOWN DOINGS.** 10 Cents.
No. 36. All News-Dealers.

SHE.—You should introduce a little change in
your style of dancing.
HE.—How do you mean?
SHE.—You might occasionally step on my left
foot; the right has had enough.—*Chatter.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY **“KIDS.”** 10 Cents.
No. 37. All Newsdealers.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says: “The House
has been wrestling all day with lard.” Must have
had a trying time.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY **“BUNCO”** 10 Cents.
No. 38. All Newsdealers.

A LIGHTNING INTERVIEW.
REPORTER.—What is your candid opinion of
the Emperor, Prince Bismarck?
BISMARCK.—Vor a Gottillion he vas O Gay.
Vor a Cherman leadter he vas N Chee.—*Epoch.*

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mistake of over-
zealously rushing
into the details of your business
this Fall, just to show how
much work you can turn off, and
how much good your vacation
has done you. Brains cost more
than machines, and a Reming-
ton Standard Typewriter will,
by relieving you of pen drudg-
ery, give you ample scope for
the planning and organizing so
necessary to your success in
these busy days.

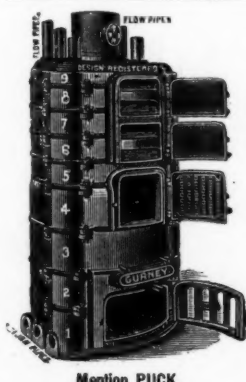
SOME one has discovered that Boston brown
bread is better than cake to eat with ice cream.
Now if he will discover a substitute for ice cream
to be eaten with brown bread he will earn the
everlasting gratitude of the boys.—*West Shore.*



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Send for Pamphlet.

HEARD IN A FURNISHING STORE.

"Good morning, Madam!"
"I wish to see some men's shirts."
"For yourself?"
"Men's shirts."
"For your brother?"
"The size is thirteen and a half."
"Young man?"
"About my age."
"Of course I would not dare—"
"Nineteen."
"What kind of a shirt does your brother want?"
"Oh, something that sets up well around the neck—something jaunty."
"Jaunty? For your brother?"
"I know what I want—I mean, what he wants."
"I think this cheviot will about fit him."
"You guarantee this fit?"
"Well, if you would like to—that is, if your brother would like to try it on—why—"
"Wrap it up!"
"Any thing else?"
"Yes, a four-in-hand—blue."
"How does this strike you?"
"Do you think it would go well with this dress?"
"Ah!"
"Pshaw!" (Exit.)—Clothing and Furnisher.



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If you kindly send your address we will mail you free two books, that you will thank us for,

"HOW BEST TO HEAT OUR HOMES,"
and "TESTIMONIAL COMPANION."

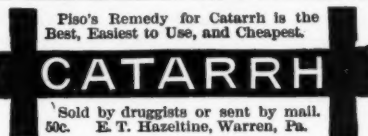
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BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUTON ST. NEW YORK.

MISTRESS.—What is little Johnny crying and yelling for? Give him what he wants. I must write a letter, and I want it quiet.

NURSE.—Please, Ma'am, he's yelling for his drum an' horn. —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR ITS DIURETIC PROPERTIES!

THE AUTHOR'S REVENGE.
AUTHOR.—At last I am avenged. The *High-tone Magazine* has bought one of my articles, and they have paid for it.

WIFE (mystified).—They have accepted and paid for a number of your manuscripts; but none of them have appeared yet.

AUTHOR (triumphantly).—The last one was written with ink that will fade out in ten years. —*New York Weekly.*

PERFECTLY SAFE.

WIFE (petulantly).—Such a lump of selfishness! The house was full of strange noises last night, and I did not dare close my eyes once; and there you were sleeping like a log. Burglars might have carried us both off and you would not have known it.

HUSBAND (wearily).—Don't fret, dear. If they ever carry you off they'll bring you back. —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

QUITE CORRECT.

MRS. DE VERE.—Of course, we can't admit him into society. He has no character.

MR. DE SNEERE.—Ah, I see. You admit only such people as have good characters, so that you can have the pleasure of tearing them to pieces yourself. —*Chatter.*

TWO OF A KIND.

MRS. WELLOFF.—That is a splendid charger you are riding, Mr. Poorbody.

MR. POORBODY (who has spent his week's wages for an airing through the Park).—H'm—er—yes. Something like the livery-man of whom I hired him. —*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

WOULD LIKE TO.

NEWPORT BELLE.—Oh, those naval officers are too sweet for any thing. Did you ever lunch on a man-of-war?

NARAGANSETT BELLE.—No; but I saw a young lieutenant to-day who looked good enough to eat. —*New York Weekly.*

COL. FELLOWS conducts a "CELEBRATED CASE" at Richfield Springs. Full Account in No. 10 of THE RICHFIELD NEWS.

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IS OF
GREAT IMPORTANCE.
TO SECURE A PERFECT
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A LIGHT-WEIGHT BOXER — The man who puts up berries in their season. — *Texas Siftings.*

IN A FUTURE STATE — Salt Lake City. — *Prison Mirror.*

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(BLUE LABEL)

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Natural Mineral Waters

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One pound equal to forty pounds of lean beef of the value of about \$7.50.

Genuine only with **Justus von Liebig's** signature as shown.

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This Popular and Select Hotel has been opened for the Season of 1890 on Saturday, June 21st.

To its former patrons, and others who desire to investigate its advantages, full particulars and plans will be furnished on application at the Howland Hotel, or at the Albemarle Hotel, Madison Square, New York.

Of JANVRIN & WALTER, Proprietors **HENRY WALTER, Proprietor.**
Albemarle Hotel, N. Y.

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FIRST CUSTOM-HOUSE INSPECTOR (at the steamship pier).—I've been watching that heavily overdressed woman for some time, and I have my suspicions.

SECOND CUSTOM-HOUSE INSPECTOR.—So have I; I think she is heavily underdressed. Let's call one of our female smuggler-pullers! —*Texas Siftings.*

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CAUSTIQUE.—Yes, it fits me as though it was cut with a knife and fork. —*Clothier and Furnisher.*

A DISCREET WATCHMAKER.

LADY (paying for repairs on her husband's watch).—What ailed it?

JEWELER.—A hair was tangled in with the escapement.

LADY (anxiously).—What color?

JEWELER.—Exactly the color of yours. —*Jewelers' Weekly.*

NO SUCH THING.

SMITH (a Yankee).—It is ridiculous to say that a Yankee invariably answers a question by asking another. I don't believe it.

JONES (ditto).—Neither do I. By the way, what'll you take for that hoss?

SMITH.—What'll you give? —*Epoch.*

NOT EASILY BROKEN.

"Come, Cap'n, take something with us."

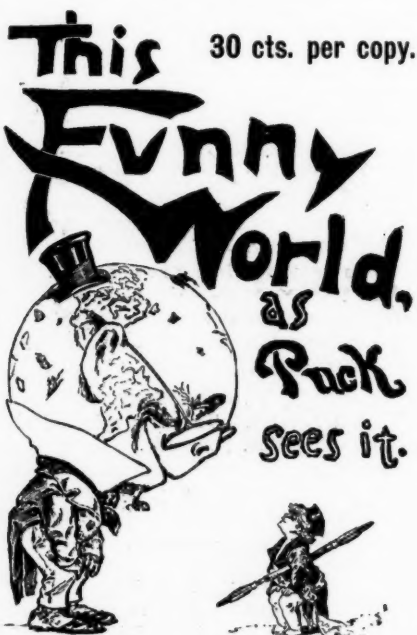
"Well, I don't much keer ef I dew, long's it won't break my rule."

"Why, what's your rule?"

"More 'n two year ago I made up my mind I'd never drink unless I was either all alone by myself or with somebody." —*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

IT is merely suggested that an infusion of spice and brains into the columns of some papers will do more to increase their circulation than a forty-year-old dictionary. —*West Shore.*

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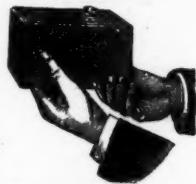


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UP to the present time I don't see that society women have succeeded in elevating the stage a great deal more than the stage women have elevated society. —*Kate Field's Washington.*

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Died long before the war.
—Boston Courier.

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INDIGNANT BICYCLIST.—Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now. (Starts off.)

OLD LADY.—Sport! Sport! you foolish dog! Come here. Them ain't bones. Them's legs.
—New York Weekly.

"BEGOR, but I've got the best of that murderin' railroad this time, annyhow," said a Hi-bernian who had a grudge against the company in question.

"How is that, Dennis?" asked a bystander.
"I've bought a return ticket and I'm not coming back at all at all!" was the triumphant reply.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A DIFFERENCE IN YEARS.

"And so you will be seven next week, Flossie! Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady."

"Yes; I'm getting old much faster than you are, for you have been twenty-three ever since I can remember."—Chatter.

STRIKES AND THE STRIKERS.

It oft must strike the striker's mind,

Which ignorance does n't thicken,

That in the end he's apt to find

Himself the one that's stricken.

—Boston Courier.

JERRY RUSKS, TOO.

"It's strange," observed Jinglepop, "how politics creep into the names of favorite edibles. Now, there's Washington pie and cabinet pudding and—"

"And cottage pudding," hinted his wife, who reads the newspapers.—American Grocer.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS never knew that he had discovered America; and perhaps James G. Blaine is not aware that he has discovered free trade.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ELEMENTARY STUDIES IN CUISINE.

MRS. YOUNGLOVE.—What is "bread in the bone?" I can not find a recipe for it in any cookery book.

MRS. NEWLIWED.—Nor I either. And I wish someone could tell me how to "cap-a-pie."—Kate Field's Washington.

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